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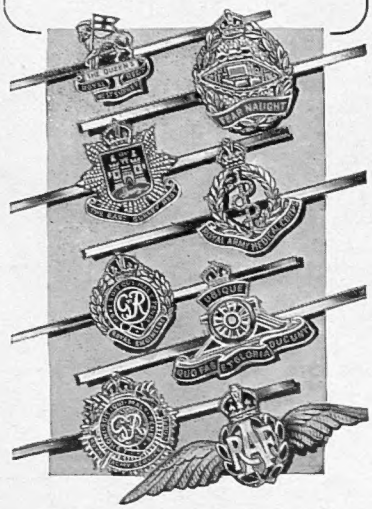

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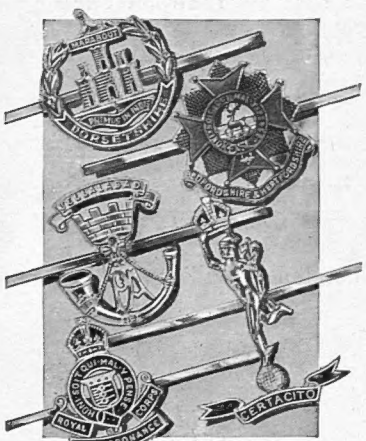

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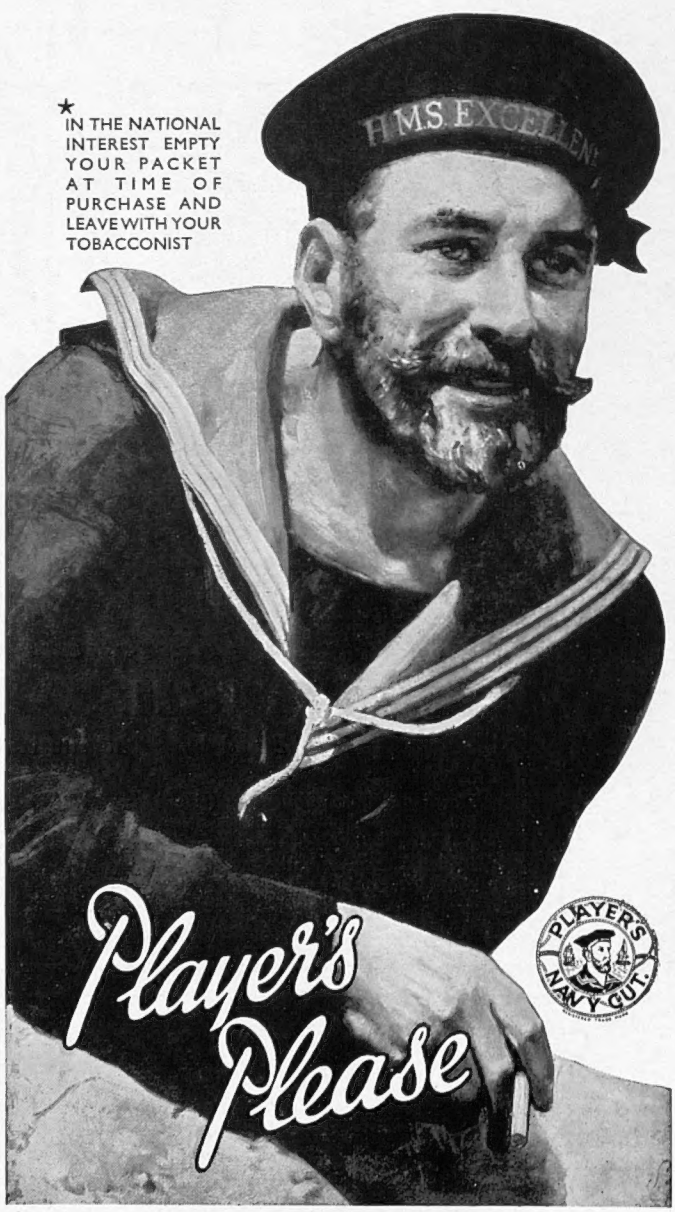

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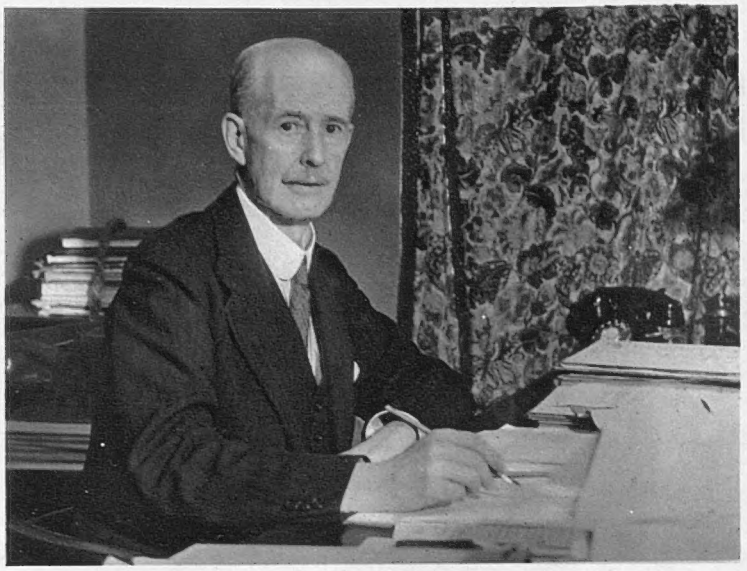
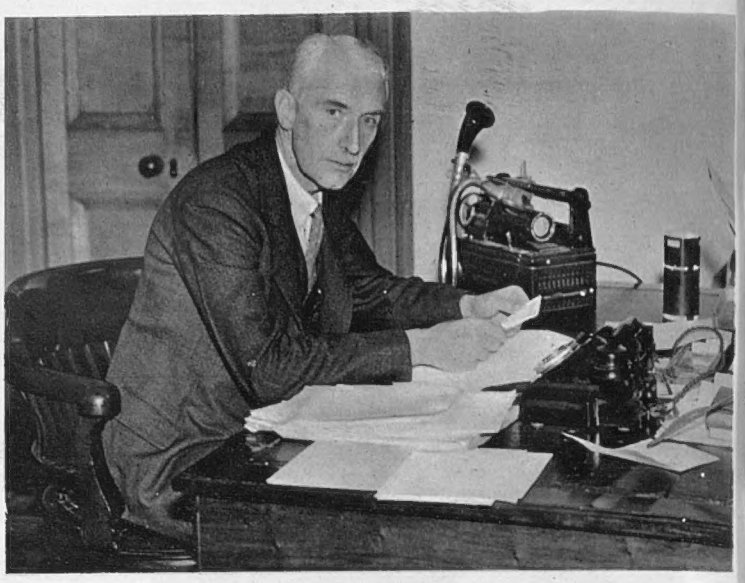
The Bystander

Two Heroes of the R.A.F.

Proudest station in the R.A.F. must be the Bomber Command aerodrome to which these two men belong—Sergeant John Hannah, V.C., and Flight Lieutenant R. A. B. Learoyd, V.C. Flt. Lieut. Learoyd received his decoration for carrying out a low-level attack on the Dortmund-Ems Canal in the face of terrific ground fire. It was due to his coolness and determination that the objective was successfully bombed. Sergeant Hannah, wireless operator and air-gunner in a Hampden bomber, was awarded the V.C. for the extreme courage he displayed in extinguishing a serious fire in his aircraft caused by an enemy A.-A. shell that burst inside the cabin. While his own ammunition was exploding around him, he accomplished his task and saved the machine and crew. He is only eighteen. This picture was taken when he came back from hospital, where he had been treated for his injuries. We congratulate him on his rapid recovery and return to duty



Physicist *whose great knowledge is now officially at the disposal of the Government is Sir Edwin Butler, President of the Royal Society. He is one of the seven scientists appointed to the new Scientific Advisory Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Hankey. He won the Nobel Prize in 1915, in conjunction with his son, W. L. Bragg, for work on X-rays and crystals*



Physiologist *on the Scientific Advisory Committee is Professor A. V. Hill, M.P. for Cambridge University, and Secretary of the Royal Society since 1935. Last spring he went to Washington as assistant Air Attaché for special scientific liaison duties. The Committee to which he now belongs is to advise on scientific problems, on scientists for special jobs, and on new scientific and technical developments likely to help the war effort*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

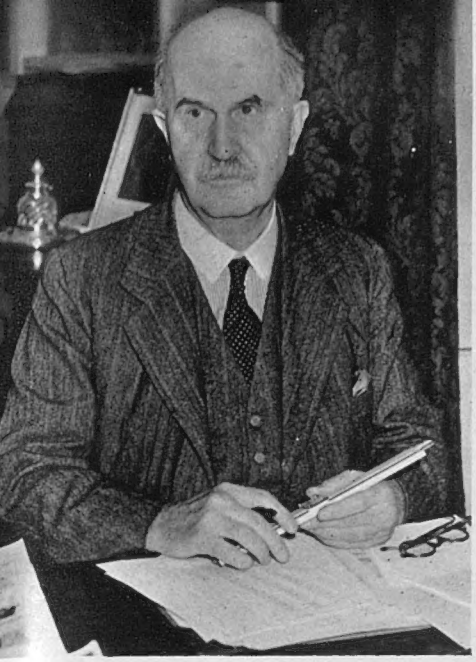
By A. G. Macdonell

It may be some time before we actually see the concrete results of the meeting at the Brenner Pass of the two gentlemen who have to travel in bullet-proof trains through their beloved and adoring subjects. But we may get some sort of idea of their plans within the next week or so. Presumably the Mediterranean was the main subject of conversation, but it remains to be seen whether Hitler was trying to ginger up Mussolini to attack at the Eastern end, or whether Mussolini was trying to ginger up Hitler to attack at Gibraltar. Of course, there is always the possibility that the sole purpose of the meeting was an attempt to borrow petrol from each other.

It certainly looks as if the Germans are aiming south, but we must not forget their habit of putting several irons into the fire simultaneously and not making their final selection until all of them are hot. Certainly the move into Rumania looks as if the eastern end of the Mediterranean is likely to be the end of the target. There are people who think that the oil wells of Irak and Iran may be the ultimate objective, but there is a long way to go before they can be reached. It is a thousand miles from Rumania to Mosul

Air Staff Chief *in the near future will be Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, here sitting between two members of his staff. Until ten days ago he was O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, where since March he has been responsible for the air offensive on Germany. In his new post he succeeds Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Cyril Newall, who goes to New Zealand as Governor-General when Viscount Galway retires in February. Sir Charles also becomes a member of the Air Council*

Bomber Chief *in succession to Sir Charles Portal is Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse. He has been Deputy Chief of the Air Staff since 1937, before that was A.O.C. British Forces in Palestine and Transjordan. He is forty-eight, a year older than his predecessor*



Agriculturalist *member of the Government's committee of scientists is Sir Edwin J. Butler, an Irishman, and for five years Secretary of the Agricultural Research Council. His speciality is mycology, or the study of fungi. He is also an expert on agriculture in India*

Transport *changed hands in the recent Government re-shuffle from Sir John Reith to Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon. Sir John Reith has moved to the new Ministry of Public Works and Buildings: this is the third time he has been given a big pioneering job to do. Col. Moore-Brabazon returns as Minister to a department he knew as Parliamentary Secretary in 1923-4. As a motorist and aviator he has also been a pioneer for most of his life*

Trade *is now in charge of Captain Lyttelton, former head of the British Metal Company, and Controller of Non-ferrous Metals since war began. Like Sir Andrew Duncan, his predecessor at the Board of Trade, he enters politics without a seat in the House*

and it is a thousand miles of extremely difficult country.

THE negotiations between Sir Stafford Cripps and the Kremlin are not going very fast. The British refusal in July to recognise the incorporation of the three Baltic States in the Soviet Union annoyed the Russians very much. Also the British Government has retained, temporarily at any rate, the three or four million pounds of assets of the three Baltic States which are at present in London. The Soviet leaders are insisting that the recognition and the return of the cash must be preliminary conditions for an Anglo-Soviet Trade Pact.

THE new maps of Western Germany and the Ruhr, issued by the Ministry of Information to show the extent of our air raids upon Germany, are a brilliant piece of propaganda. I hope that by the time this appears in print, these maps will have been pasted up on the hoardings in every town and village which has suffered from air bombardment. They are tremendously encouraging. They might also be published regularly, with the latest additions to the formidable list marked in some distinctive colour. As the nights get longer and the new bombers come into action, the map will certainly have to be extended further to the east and the south-east.

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Herbert Morrison, as new Minister of Home Affairs, will quickly get to work to speed up the release of the anti-Nazi aliens. Even after Sir John Anderson had been forced to accept the principle that many of these men ought to be released, he seemed quite incapable of hastening the machinery of the War Office to get the releases carried out. We all know by this time what a dreadful muddle and scandal it has been in this country. Now comes the corresponding story from the Canadian end, and there again the Home Office have managed to muddle lamentably also. The Canadian authorities

(*Concluded on page 68*)

New Member *for the Exchange Division of Manchester is T. H. Hewlett (left), Manchester business man and a Freeman of the City of London. He was elected in the place of the late Peter Eckersley, killed on active service with the Fleet Air Arm. Mr. Hewlett took his seat last week, and with him to the House went his wife and his sailor son Donald, who is serving in H. M. S. Ganges*

New Member *for Preston, Randolph Churchill, was introduced to the House by his father, the Prime Minister, before the latter made his statement on the war last Tuesday. Father, son and Mrs. Churchill were photographed outside 10, Downing Street. Randolph Churchill himself became a father two days later when his wife, Pamela Digby that was, gave birth to a son*

Epstein Has Found a New Model

Leda, Jacob Epstein's baby granddaughter, has been his pet model lately; he has portrait-busts of her, one made when she was four months old and one three months later, in his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. This show, postponed because of air raids, was opened last Wednesday. In it are all the blazing, luxurious flower paintings he has made during this summer at his Epping Forest cottage. The few pieces of sculpture shown include a superb head of an African girl besides the two lovely baby portraits. (Pictures of Epstein in his studio appeared in the "Bystander," October 2nd)

Frank Beresford Paints a Sailor

A New Zealander serving with the R.N.V.R. came to London for a week-end's leave and spent part of it sitting for his portrait by Frank Beresford. He is Lieut.-Com. John George Hilliard, whose wartime job is mine-sweeping for convoys of merchant shipping

Passing Hour *(Continued)*

were told to expect dangerous Nazis and not a word was said about the anti-Nazis who were so arbitrarily deported. And any number of files and dossiers were lost.

Poor M. Charles Pomaret. He has had a bit of bad luck which must make him reflect that Shakespeare hit the nub and qualified for the bag of nuts or the cigar when he did his stuff about the winter wind blowing and man's ingratitude. M. Pomaret was one of the ace defeatists in Daladier's Cabinet, and in May and June he openly became a peace-at-any-pricer. As a reward he was included in the Pétain Cabinet. Now he has not only been fired from his job, but he has been popped into the Bastille as well.

The other night I saw a rather sad sight. I happened to drop into a hostelry at about 7 o'clock in the evening for a quick one and there I found M. Edouard, the famous proprietor of the Gourmet restaurant in Lisle Street, and his wife, sitting down to a meal of cold ham sandwiches and a glass of beer. For thirty years M. Edouard has been at the Gourmet, and for thirty years he has dined on the best French cooking in Soho and drunk a glass of that excellent Bordeaux. Now the Gourmet shuts at black-out time, and there is nothing for it but ham sandwiches and beer in a pub.

The House of Commons got angry the other day, and rightly. The Speaker had announced that owing to the nightly air raids, order papers could not be printed in future for the following day. Mr. Silverman at once jumped up to ask if it was true that the Printers for the Stationery Office could not work at night like the printers of the newspapers. Mr. Beverley Baxter followed by asking if this was an example to set to the workers who were being implored to go on with production during the raids. An angry storm at once got up and Mr. Churchill had to step in and promise to look into the matter. The Speaker also undertook to take the matter up again with the Stationery Office.

The naming of the American destroyers by the sober names of Anglo-American towns and villages (incidentally forgetting Boston) brings back memories of some of the names of the last war. The Admiralty at one time went all gay and skittish and gave some mine-sweepers such frivolous names as Gavotte, Highland Fling, Fandango, Minuet and Sword Dance. One ancient mariner was said to have burst into tears on being ordered to leave a cruiser and join H.M.S. Minuet. Nor was he at all comforted when the order was countermanded and he was sent instead to H.M.S. Michaelmas Daisy.

Mr. Charles Morgan's long-awaited novel has just been published. As usual, it is long, and as usual it is packed with ideas and the thoughtful analysis of character for which Mr. Morgan is so renowned. The scene is laid partly in the wine-growing Charente and partly in Paris, and the period is the eighteen-eighties. No one will pretend that Mr. Morgan is an easy writer to read, but it is well worth while putting in a concentrated effort and reading *The Voyage*.

There are few people so irritating as the literary critics who talk about a book as "escapist," simply because it has nothing to do with the war. They seem to think that "escapism" is a crime. They do not seem to have heard of the tens of thousands of soldiers in the last war who read the classics in the front line. They were not trying to escape from the war. They were trying to escape from boredom, and I have never heard that that is such a serious matter.

What has happened to the poets of this war? Please don't misunderstand me. We all know what has happened to Messrs. Auden, Isherwood, and Macneice. They are in California and I hope are enjoying themselves. But where are the soldier-poets and the airmen-poets? There seems to be no exhilaration these days. There seems to be none of the spirit which made the Grenfells and the Shaw-Stewarts and the Brookes of the last war go into battle almost singing their own poetry. Now there is nothing of the sort, and yet the achievements of the airmen surely are as superb as anything which the fighting men of England have ever done.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* records a delightful anecdote, which contains at the same time one of the finest examples of under-statement I have ever come across. A friend of his found himself standing beside a stout lady in front of a house which had had a direct hit. She gazed at the wreckage, and obviously she swelled, moment by moment, with indignation. At last she found words and she exclaimed "Isn't he a destructful monkey?"

Birthday Picture of Prince Edward

Prince Edward, son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, was five years old last Wednesday. Part of his birthday celebrations was to be photographed with his parents, his sister, Princess Alexandra, and the family's handsome Chow, Mouff, at their home in Buckinghamshire. Since the spring, the Duke of Kent has been a Group Captain in the R.A.F., having relinquished his rank of Air Vice-Marshal to take up an appointment on the Training Command H.Q. Staff, with special duties connected with welfare of personnel. The Duchess of Kent was one of those to whom last week's air raids brought personal loss; an old friend of hers, Princess Catherine Galitzine, was killed in the morning attack on London on Tuesday, while she was on her way to her work in the Postal Services Department

Wing-Commander Fielden and Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell

Wing Commander Edward Hedley Fielden and Angela Ramsden-Jodrell, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell, of Taxal Lodge, Whaley Bridge, Cheshire, were married at St. James's, Taxal. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fielden, of Bracknell, Berks, was appointed Equerry and Captain of the King's Flight in 1936

The Dowager Lady Reading

One of the hardest worked women in London is Lady Reading, as head of the W.V.S. Since it was created in 1938, she has been the moving spirit of this organisation, which has won new fame for itself by its work in London since air raids began

Social Register : In and Out of London

Mr. Vernon and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey

Lieut. Stephen Vernon and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey were married at Caxton Hall register office. She is the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster and his first wife, Constance Duchess of Westminster. She has two sons, aged fifteen and twelve, by her first husband, William Filmer-Sankey, whom she married in 1924

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk

Major the Duke of Norfolk and his wife had a day's raci at Nottingham last week, when the first meeting was he there since April. They were married three years ag and have two daughters, the second born in Aug

Lady Mary Dunn

Hatless, in semi-country clothes, and carrying her knitting in a bag, Lady Mary Dunn arrived for lunch at the Ritz. She is the Earl of Rosslyn's aunt, but is only five years older than her young nephew, who succeeded last year and is in the R.A.F.

The Hon. Pamela Berry

Another hatless luncher was Pamela Berry, Lord Kemsley's only daughter. Her twin, and the fifth of her six brothers, the Hon. Herbert Oswald Berry, was married a week or so early to Lord and Lady Brecknock's daughter, Lady Mary Pratt

The Hon. Mrs. Gardner

September bride was the Hon. Mrs. Gardner, formerly the Hon. Mrs. Ashley, and sister of Lady Louis Mountbatten. Her second husband is Laurie Gardner, son of the late Sir Ernest Gardner

Mrs. Tilney and Lady Newtown Butler

Also at the Nottingham one-day meeting were Mrs. Robert Tilney and Lady Newtown Butler. The latter was Bettine Everard, married the Earl of Lanesborough's heir last year. Her father, Sir Lindsay Everard, is M.P. for Melton

Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton's Son Christened

Diarmaid Hugh Douglas-Hamilton was christened at Savernake. He is the four-months-old son of Pilot Officer Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton (she was Prunella Stack), and grandson of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. In the group here are Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton and the Duchess of Hamilton, the baby's uncle and grandmother, his parents, the Rev. J. D. Ross, and Mrs. Geikie, godmother

Gracie in Uniform

She is Honorary Captain in Canada's Volunteer Reserve Corps

Gracie Fields is just completing a highly successful tour of Canada, the entire proceeds of which she is handing over with her usual big-hearted generosity as a contribution to Great Britain's war effort. While in Montreal Gracie was made an honorary Captain in the newly-formed Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps. This group is already 2000 strong in Montreal, and other units are being raised all over the Dominion. She and her husband, Monty Banks, to whom she was married last spring, went to Canada and the U.S. to enlist support for embattled Britain. She may soon be returning to this country to film, at the invitation of director Maurice Elvey, the story of her life

Officers of the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps in Montreal

Films of the Day

Advance Notes on an Epic

By George Campbell

An American spy on whom I rely for information now and then has been trying to dig up some information about *The Great Dictator*. After putting an official of United Artists' Ministry of Public Enlightenment and Culture to the question, my informant succeeded in breaking through the veil of secrecy with which Chaplin surrounds his enterprises. When he returned, it seems, he was wearing smoked glasses, spoke with a hybrid and easily detectable accent, and removed his notes from the sole of his left shoe. All this Ogpu stuff, he pleads in self-defence, is highly contagious.

It is now five years since Chaplin made a film, three years since he allowed the first whispers of his new plans to reverberate around the world, and nearly two years since we read that he was writing the story. Besides being his own author, which is the only method known to film producers of obtaining the perfect script, Chaplin is producer, casting director, director, editor, musical director, dialogue writer, and (of course) star. We can, without indiscretion or exaggeration, describe it as a Chaplin production. He is also (and this alone should make *The Great Dictator* unique) his own backer. The thing has cost him about £450,000, and if that, as Mr. Runyon would observe, is not a lot of potatoes, it will do till a lot of potatoes come along.

For the first time in his career Chaplin will talk—for you could hardly call the gibberish in *Modern Times* talking. He will play two rôles—the dictator hysterically ranting in the Hitler manner, and the shabby little Jewish back-street barber. His make-up as the dictator is practically straight Hitler. The barber will be the Chaplin we know, with the bowler hat, stick, baggy trousers and boat-like shoes. Jack Oakie, as the blustering Napolini, with head back and out-thrust lower lip, is astonishingly like Mussolini, at any rate in profile. Reginald Gardiner plays one of Hitler's yes-men, Billy Gilbert is another, not unlike Goering, and Henry Daniell, the late Maurice Moscovitch and other well-known players will be seen strutting through the Nazi scene. Paulette Goddard, the unknown gamine of *Modern Times* and now one of the most personable and accomplished young women on the screen, is again the heroine. Mr. Chaplin is said to have directed his wife—if she is his wife—with a high hand, on one occasion being so dissatisfied with her scrubbing that he made her scrub the whole set for practice. As he is reported to have ended the revised scene with "Magnificent!", and she has gone on record as saying that he is the greatest director in the world, the differences don't seem to have endangered the romance.

***"Saloon Bar"** has been taken over from the stage to the screen with considerable success. Gordon Harker (centre), as the amateur sleuth in this murder-comedy, plays his original part, and Mervyn Johns repeats his brilliant study of sententious stolidity. Joyce Barbour is one of the saloon bar's barmaids. Michael Balcon produced, Walter Forde directed, and the film has been showing at the Gaumont*

Dictators are not noted for a sense of humour, and if Chaplin relied on the Continent for a market he would be out of luck. What Nazis think about the picture is clear from a letter addressed by a high official to Joseph Breen, of the Motion Picture Producers' Association. "I see from a newspaper article, under the caption 'Charlie Chaplin will burlesque Hitler,' that Mr. Chaplin will play in this film a defenceless little Jew who is mistaken for a powerful dictator, while in the other rôle you will see him as the dictator himself. The article further states that while Hitler is not mentioned, it doesn't take any Solomon or Sherlock Holmes to see it is the Fuehrer whom Chaplin is burlesquing. As this, if it should be true, will naturally lead to serious troubles and complications, I beg you to give this matter your consideration." Note the unconscious humour of the "naturally."

Chaplin, a Jew and a democrat, has apparently pulled no punches. "To me," he says, explaining his purpose, "the funniest thing in the world can be the ridicule of phonies and stuffed shirts in high places. The bigger the phony you have to work on, the better the chance you have for a funny picture—and it would be difficult to find another phony as big as Hitler. He is the best target in the world for satire and ridicule—that 's why I enjoyed making *The Great Dictator*. Some people have suggested that I made the picture for propaganda purposes. This is far from the truth. I am not interested in propaganda as such—most propaganda is didactic and dull. I made *The Great Dictator* because I hate dictators and because I want people to laugh. I am not in politics; I am not particularly impressed with systems of politics, but I do think I am a humanitarian, as everyone who follows the artistic professions believes himself to be. I don't like the idea of an individual or a system kicking around a lot of small, helpless people."

By way of endearing himself further to the dictators, Chaplin observes that Hitler, "beneath that stern and foreboding appearance he gives in newsreels and news photos, actually is a small, mean and petty neurasthenic. Mussolini suggests an entirely different character—loud, noisy, boastful, a peasant at heart." He adds that he isn't interested in whether the picture makes money—he wants to make people laugh. "A world in which people cannot laugh," he says, "isn't worth saving." There, I think, he has something.

The advance reverberations of this super-colossal epic should not altogether distract us from the fact that Michael Balcon's modest little British comedy, *Saloon Bar*, is very good value for money, with Gordon Harker, Mervyn Johns, Anna Konstam, Elizabeth Allan and Judy Campbell all acting finely.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Food Minister's summons to London coffee-stall keepers—"Bonifaces of the Benighted," as the journalistic gentleman calls them hopefully in Neil Lyons's Cockney classic, *Arthur's*—to return and help feed the shelter crowds will revive a picturesque metropolitan industry which the night raids have practically killed. It flourished at its peak, like so many other pleasant things, in the golden days of Edward the Seventh, whom somebody compared the other day very aptly to a large, mellow Ribston pippin. The average London coffee-stall man was then, according to old boulevardiers, very like Lyons's Arthur: a rich, vital character given to wisecracks and gnomic utterances, dealing with playful toffs and moody outcasts alike with a firm, judicious hand. Our present age and its worries seem to have dried up the fount of Falstaffian epigram and benevolence somewhat; the food is evidently better—there were excellent sardine sandwiches and sausage rolls to be had outside St. Mary Abbots in Kensington when last we stopped there in the small hours—and the coffee retains the traditional flavour of mildewed flat-irons and boiling boots common to British coffee. But there are fewer toffs round the stalls, we notice. That large, raffish Edwardian friendliness—everything Edwardian was outsize and opulent, the swaggering toppers, the huge ebony hairbrushes, the massive pigskin flasks, the Gaiety torsos, Derby Day, the Romano suppers—has been squeezed out of metropolitan life. Opulent is the word, by Gad!

Ravished almost to tears the other night by the noble austerities and majestic sweeps of Elgar's No. 2 Symphony, dedicated with a text from Shelley to the memory of the King, we recollected that Elgar somewhere has a passage requiring forty harps. ("Take forty harps—" a superb Beetonesque gesture!) It was this spacious Edwardian air which enabled genuine toffs to swallow hot sausages with cabmen in a Piccadilly shelter and bandy wisecracks with drabs and dustmen at kerbside stalls. We gabble more about "democracy" to-day—at least, you do—and practise it much less, apparently. Even if such contacts between two social poles were only temporary, even if Mayfair and the New Cut really meant about as much to each other during these exchanges as that Elgar symphony would have meant to Edward VII., a good judge of horseflesh, the spirit was there, a generous, jolly human impulse, even if East and West were slightly tight.

"Come in, Miss Skinner, I'm all alone"

Lapse

MOST Calmly Repulsive Remark of the Year, so far, is that of Mr. William Hickey in the *Daily Express* to the effect that if St. Paul's is by mischance destroyed from the air, it must of course be rebuilt in some modern style expressing the Spirit of the Age (whatever that is). That is to say, if we follow Slogger Hickey rightly, his new St. Paul's would be some huge hellish "functional" arrangement, probably with a portentous neo-Prusso-Babylonian black glass façade like that of the *Daily Express* palazzo in Fleet Street a work, as we've hinted before, already dated. To realise the monstrous and inextricable error of trying to rebuild St. Paul's in such a fashion one has only to remember a few "modern" churches built in Germany just before the Nazi régime; their self-conscious attempts to combine the functionalism of the factory and the barrack with the uses of a Christian fane, their essential perversity and total lack of spirituality. Even the French, a civilised people, have tried a few experiments of this kind; there is an extremely modern church in a town somewhere in Normandy, we faintly remember, built obviously by madmen and nearly as revolting as Rouen railway station or that fantastic half-finished church at Barcelona.

The truth is that the modern architect suffers, like Lucifer, from a high stomach and will not admit that the art of church-building has been established once for all time by the inventors of the Romanesque, the Gothic, and the Baroque, and that the only thing henceforth possible is to evolve decent variations on one of these fundamental styles, as Lutyens is doing at Liverpool. Not everybody can do this, as the perpetrators of Victorian Gothic—barring Pugin, a highly spiritual genius—amply demonstrated. Our little "functional" addicts don't seem to have ever visited (for one example) Périgueux and studied that ancient, tremendous functional marvel of a fortress-church there; or if they did, they were drunk.

Ally

GENERAL MALDEMER is now being added, even by serious strategical writers, to the number of high military

figures, such as General Fog and General Winter, likely to assist us against Hitler, and it certainly supplies a homely anti-climax to all the invasion tall-talk to think that the invader might be too greenly, deathly seasick to do anything, when he reaches these shores, but collapse with a groan amid all his ironmongery. Few cross-Channel passengers, we guess, have ever dreamed, as they staggered half-dead off the boat at Dover or Calais, after a nice bobbly crossing, that they might live to love that narrow stretch of water which has such an evil habit of boiling up suddenly and fighting like a thousand demons. But already, it seems, seasickness has ravaged the German troops in their invasion exercises, and the High Command has not yet found a drug to cope with it—not even one of those specifics which relieve seasickness, as advertised, and make you feel like death for twenty-four hours afterwards. So it will be just too bad if our troops have to supply thousands of limp sufferers with brandy, tea, and hot-water bottles and put them to bed instead of blasting them to bits, as arranged.

Both Cæsar and William the Conqueror omit to mention seasickness during their crossings, for which they chose a calm sea. Their men—William's troops were drinking red wine and singing all the way across—were extremely tough, of course; but one is apt in reading history to forget that many of the heroes, our fathers, must have suffered abominably at times, for example the Argonauts, and Ulysses (whose claim that he stuffed up his ears in order not to hear the Sirens we strongly suspect—it is one of the 500 useless things doctors recommend for bad weather at sea), and Columbus, who probably pretended it was finding America that made him so ill. Which reminds us, to make an end, that the so-called love-philtre drunk by Tristan and Isolde while crossing the angry Irish Sea was probably a dose of Tumjoy ("Gives You the Waves Without the Willies"), which saved them from feeling ill, though there have been times at Covent Garden when one might easily believe the contrary, to be quite frank.

Enigma

MYSTERIOUS coloured lights reported over a Southern village during an air raid recently are interesting the rude fourflushers of many a surrounding hamlet, and especially the *rurales* or Home Guard, who have nothing to shoot at the moment but rabbits and a deafish motorist or two. But you must not think that Arcadia is entirely devoid of such excitements. Only last week in the South a dead German in unfamiliar uniform dropped from the clouds one evening into a spinster lady's flower-beds (she told us), wearing no parachutist's tackle whatsoever and having a neatly-drilled bullet-hole through the back of his close-cropped noggin. The local theory is that he was just a Gestapo official bumped and dumped by some bomber's crew who had grown weary of his conversation. Such incidents make a change from the daily and nightly tedium of overhead dronings and intermittent crashes, which bore the hayseed population excessively, though they hear relatively little of the air-war by day owing to the noise of their ploughing-tractors. However, this coloured lights enigma may indicate that there is treachery and night-signalling in Arcadia just as in Town. And if this is so, the Arcadians ask nothing better. There is a clairvoyant moment, when the stars tremble and that little cold wind sweeps over the world just before dawn, when the rustic moralist asks himself in despair what sort of a hem ornary old set-out this is, thus to spend night after night fondling a rifle without getting a single crack even at the inhabitants of the next village. An enemy alien with a torch, or some prowling native foreigner of only fifteen years' residence or so, would make all the difference.

In our own village there was a proposal some time ago to round up all local "Fifth Column" suspects and shoot them as a precautionary measure. On comparing various voluntarily-compiled black-lists it was discovered that practically everybody from the General down to Mrs. Mangles's Rosie was on one or the other, so the matter was dropped.

Check

RUBBERNECKS are suffering a new setback, a few having been blown up and injured recently by bombs exploding suddenly in fallen German 'planes which they had galloped along to see, obstructing the efforts of salvage men and others with a job to do. Such accidents may temporarily discourage rubbernecking of this particular kind, just as the discovery that H.E. and shrapnel splinters do not bounce harmlessly off skulls of solid bone has more or less discouraged the ordinary cuckoo sky-gazer. Otherwise this much-criticised type of citizen does not lack spiritual nourishment. Holes in the road are big, frequent, and fascinatingly unexpected, also parties of men at work. If there are few fallen horses nowadays, there are numbers of fallen aeroplanes. If that supreme peacetime rubberneck treat, a citizen writhing on the pavement in a fit, is rare, there are, alas, plenty of grimmer things to gawp at, though at the same time the rubber industry is liable to take a knock on the sconce from some testy fireman, A.R.P. worker, or other servant of the State.

Not that this occupational risk daunts your true rubberneck, who is used to being shoved and bumped about. Do you remember that classic trick, played by more than one cynical playboy, of going up to a wall (say in Piccadilly), measuring and holding an imaginary line on it with two outstretched forefingers and important frowns, and waiting for the crowd to collect? It is generally less than half an hour before the mounted police begin driving briskly into the huge surging mob and trying to shift the traffic-blocks. By that time scores of honest rubbernecks have been trodden underfoot, biffed dizzy, poked in the eye, whanged on the noddle, maltreated, immobilised, and removed from the scene, still not knowing what the excitement was.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Can you describe your hallucination?"

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"All's Well That Ends Well" (Vaudeville)

WHEN the war broke out and the shows shut up, I suggested to a friend that then, if ever, was the time to put on *King Henry VI., Part 2*, since in normal circumstances how could it hope to stand against *Under Your Hat*?—but with all competitors out of the field, somebody might go. A similar thought seems now to have struck Mr. Robert Atkins, the staunchest Shakespearean in our theatre. *All's Well That Ends Well* never has been and never is likely to be popular. But here it is, all alone (at the time of writing) in the Strand, all alone (so far as plays go) in the West End. And if there 's only one play on, it is almost a matter of national credit that that play should be by Shakespeare.

WHY isn't *All's Well* more popular? All the scenes in which Parolles, that hollow drum of a braggart, appears are rich in humour. Wise things are continually said and fine phrases continually coined throughout the piece. But Helena, the heroine, is difficult, and so is Bertram, the hero she pursues. Although he dislikes her, she insists on making him marry her as a reward for curing the King of a fistula. And as his conduct does not make him seem worth winning by any woman, their ultimate reconciliation leaves one cold. The means, too, by which this reconciliation is achieved are just hack-plot stuff. That old ring business has been worn threadbare. And isn't it always rather hard to swallow nights of joy passed in bed with one woman under the impression that she is another? At the Vaudeville it is certainly not easy to imagine that the substantial figure of Miss Patricia Tucker could ever be mistaken for the slim figure of Miss Catherine Lacey, who tries to make her part less merciless by playing it in a kind of neurotic daze. A difficult part indeed. Helena would have been better written by Shaw, who would have turned her into an exposition, or by Ibsen, who might have plumbed Hedda Gabler depths.

" For he must needs go that the devil drives." — Lavache (Jerry Verno)

SO our apprehensive senses are best fed by the Parolles of Mr. Esmé Percy, who gives us perhaps too much of the affectation at the expense of the swagger and fails to bring out the tremendous come-back of that immortal line, " Who cannot be crushed with a plot? " when he has been finally exposed—but who is nevertheless full of drive and provides good sport. Still better are they fed by Milton, who, speaking beautifully, sheds his mannerisms and brings the whole to a royal and most gracious conclusion. Mr. Peter Glenville grapples valiantly with Bertram, and Mr. Jerry Verno as Lavache comes not too badly through the severe test of the " O Lord, Sir " scene. I would set this as an examination passage for the resource of all aspiring Shakespeare clowns. Mr. Atkins himself handles Lafeu with ease, amiability and good understanding. His production, in the Elizabethan manner, is simple, swift and sure. If Shakespeare came back to life, it is certainly Mr. Atkins, more than anyone else in our island, who, ever faithful, should be elected to the honour of receiving him.

Sketches by Sallon

" This is the man "—the King of France (Ernest Milton), Helena (Catherine Lacey), Bertram, Count of Rossillion (Peter Glenville)

" Why does't thou garter up thy arms in this fashion? "—Parolles (Esmé Percy), Lafeu (Robert Atkins)

Anthony

Solitary Heroine — Catherine Lacey as Helena

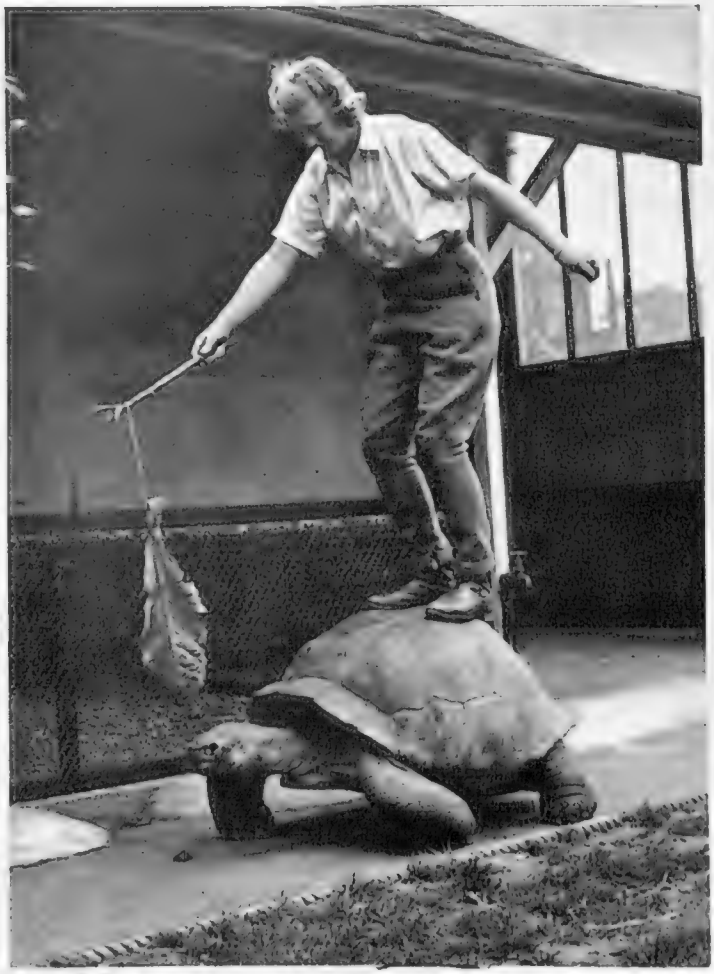
It probably hasn't happened to any actress since the Restoration to be the London theatre's only heroine. That is Catherine Lacey's odd and unique position while she plays Helena in *All's Well That Ends Well*, for Robert Atkins' production of this rarely performed Shakespeare comedy has been the only play to be seen anywhere in the West End since it was put on for matinées at the Vaudeville nearly two weeks ago. *All's Well* was last performed in London in 1921 at the Old Vic, and before that not for sixty-nine years. Catherine Lacey, however, has played in it before, taking the Countess's part (now Barbara Everest's) at Stratford in 1935. Mr. Farjeon's comment on her performance and on the production in general is on the opposite page

The start is a level one. George, with Valerie up, has drawn the rails, and Gerald, ridden by Daisy, has the outside

After three yards Gerald has taken such a

Sport Goes On: the Zoo Holds Its Tortoise Derby

After the bend, George realises there is no competition, and decides, cabbage-leaf or no cabbage-leaf, on a sit-down strike



He gets on his legs again when Valerie gets on hers and tries rough-riding and "using the whip" from a new angle

Meanwhile up in such

commanding lead that it looks like being a runaway victory

But at the bend Daisy is thrown, and George and Valerie take their chance of making up lost headway

Finalists in the Zoo's wartime Tortoise Derby were George, aged 166, weight 10 cwt., and Gerald, aged 172, weight 10½ cwt. Jockeys were Valerie Green, of Pets' Corner, on George, Daisy Green on Gerald. The race was run over a ten-yards' course and was won by George in the record-breaking time of 15 minutes, 3·5 seconds

Daisy has remounted and Gerald is coming space George leaves vacant on the straight

But George does it. He puts on a last two-foot spurt and breaks the tape nearly a length ahead of his rival

Prize for the winner is a bagful of ripe tomatoes which he eats out of his jockey's hand

Pacifists *are Stephen Fisher (Herbert Marshall; centre) and his daughter, Carol Fisher (Laraine Day). Huntley Haverstock (Joel McCrea; right) looks on while Carol faces Krug (Eduardo Ciannelli) a murderer*

"Foreign Correspondent"

Directed by that rotund master of thrillers, Alfred Hitchcock, *Foreign Correspondent* is a fast-moving, action-packed adventure of an American journalist in Europe on the brink of war. Though not historically accurate, the film deals with the hidden activity which prepares the way for war. Inspired by Vincent Sheehan's *Personal History*, written in 1935, the plot was changed repeatedly during the last eighteen months as the rapid march of history outstripped the fertility of the script writers. Final result was this non-committal but topical film with a strong cast which includes Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, George Sanders, Laraine Day, Edmund Gwenn, and Robert Benchley. Able dialogue was written by James Hilton, Ben Hecht and Robert Benchley. The film opened at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on the 11th

Victim *of a German spy ring is Van Meer (Albert Basserman), a Dutch statesman who is found by Haverstock. The diplomat had been drugged and tortured*

Alcoholic *colleague of Haverstock is Stebbins (Robert Benchley), who helps the foreign correspondent in his search for the secret agents preparing a European war*

Plot and Counterp

Two New Films—A Thrill a Comedy—Have Spie Suspense Galore

Reconciliation *come realises that Jack i stolen secret and she in the quest. They restaurant owned by t*

Film-star *wife Kay Millet (Cicely Courtneidge) encounters bearded interruption (Laurie Green) during her pursuit of her film-star husband who has gone after the beautiful Russian spy*

***Tête-à-tête** is held over the back of a couch by Jack Millet (Jack Hulbert) and Carole Markoff (Leonora Corbett), the spy who has stolen vital defence secrets. Jack, acting as a Government agent, intends to get them back. He tries out his own charm*

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"Under Your Hat"

Produced by Jack Hulbert, the film version of the famous Palace show also opened on the 11th at the Leicester Square Theatre. This amusing comedy blends tunes and near topicality in a melange that should prove an entertaining disperser of Blitz blues. Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, Leonora Corbett and Austin Trevor head a cast of British favourites. The story centres round a stolen aircraft carburettor and the endeavours of two British film stars to retrieve it for the Government. Somewhat nostalgically, the locale of the film is Cannes, but that again may be credited to a fast-paced sequence of current events

***Disguised**, Jack chases the spy to a school for young girls. He poses as a retired bachelor Colonel of the Indian Army, until Kay arrives with a girl whom she tells the headmistress is his daughter*

***Success** rewards their efforts when, dressed as mechanics, they steal from the spy (Austin Trevor) his own 'plane with the stolen carburettor and fly it back to England and safety*

Nine or ten hours may be the length of the raid, but the campers have taken up their positions long before the sirens go so as to be sure of a place, and the early part of the evening has a cheerful, picnicky atmosphere

"The last train" pulls up in the gers who do not travel" are allowed lucky ones resting their weary bones

Security for 1½d.

It was Colonel Blimp in Low's "London Asleep" cartoon who uttered the profundity about command of the Underground. It was the people of London who took command when the raids began, thus settling almost overnight the case for deep shelters so long debated by politicians and experts. Men, women and children went straight for the safest place they could think of—the Underground stations, queueing themselves up, earlier and earlier each day, to buy a 1½d. ticket for crowded, uncomfortable security. While shelter organisation in general muddled along, the L.P.T.B. struggled manfully and successfully with the problems of keeping their all-night guests out of the way of real travellers, maintaining order, providing sanitary facilities, cleaning the stations up before the morning traffic began. Now, with Herbert Morrison and Ellen Wilkinson to help the "Shelter Dictator," Admiral Sir Edward Evans, a real shelter policy was emerging by which our strange new night life will be made more tolerable for those whose homes are no longer their castles

"Gad, Sir John, Beaverbrook is right, we must show Hitler we have command of the air, the seas, the land and the Underground"

Below an incongruous assortment of posters lie the massed sleepers, with here and there a patient mother watching over her family for whom she has

"Children's Day"

"The Lines Behind the Lines"

In these pictures, specially taken for the BYSTANDER *by Tunbridge-Sedgwick at Piccadilly Circus, we record a grim phase in the development of shelter life*

station and "passen- to bed down in it, on its padded seats

Two of the three staircases are given over to sleepers who arrange themselves as best they may on the high ridgy steps

"Eight hours is my normal working day, the rest is for the King," was Stationmaster Morris's comment on the twelve to fourteen hours he now gives to his job

arranged a makeshift dormitory

"The Freedom Wave"

The traveller's last train has gone, and the shelterers' last train has pulled up at the platform to give extra floor and seating space. An official "lights out" has sounded, the chatter dies away, and the family parties, the bands of friends, the lonely individuals who are no longer lonely here, all stretch themselves out side by side under blankets, rugs, coats, newspapers. The broad white line which marks the permitted boundary for "passengers who do not travel" disappears under a tide of sleep

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I'll let yer get away with it this time, but remember!
I got a front door, h'and a knocker!"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Saintly Gaoler

By V. S. Pritchett

MR. CHARLES MORGAN has a place of his own in contemporary fiction. It is not at the top. He is not one of the good good novelists nor one of the good bad novelists. He belongs to that curious mixed company of the bad good, the *faux bon*. "I dreamt that I dwe-elt in ma-arble halls" describes the sensation his books give to one. One wakes up in one of those literary halls of his, so heavily curtained by culture, to an atmosphere at once sexy and ethical, guilty and yet instructional, that one feels one has come to the wrong address. Surely the British Museum and the Society for Preservation of Cultural Allusions have not evacuated to Jermyn Street? The girl's card must be wrong.

Invulnerability is still Mr. Morgan's subject. The aim in living (if I understand the theme of *The Voyage* [Macmillan; 9*s*.] correctly), should be to free oneself from the cage of one's character, and to become invulnerable to the world. Mr. Morgan appears to be a recruit to Mr. Huxley's non-attachment, but warms that bleak and sterile doctrine with a little of the wine of French nonchalance and urbanity. We become invulnerable and "free" when we are "natural." France is the scene of his latest book, nineteenth-century France—a choice which makes a writer invulnerable to what is happening in the world to-day—and the people are small folk in a town on the Charente. There, as in a day-dream, lives the other-worldly Barbet, the warden of a small old-fashioned prison, surrounded by his unpleasant brothers who want his vineyard; there, at Cheval Pie, sings Thérèse, who is already the town scandal and who is to become a great *diseuse*. Barbet is thought to be a simpleton and possibly a saint. A mild man cultivating his little sinecure, he tends the half-dozen prisoners in his comic little gaol with the tenderness of an observant and kindly waiter. He is chiefly interested in birds and imitating bird songs. Not unnaturally, his distrait habits lead to a riot, and he adds to his reputation for harmless lunacy by quelling the riot without arms. A natural non-resister, he quietens the prisoners by showing them his glow-worms. A political and religious row follow this episode, for the town begins to think of him as a miracle-worker. We now leave this mixture of St. Francis of Assisi and Mr. Deeds for the more vigorous temperament of Thérèse. She is an egotist, singer and a harlot. As an artist she is invulnerable, as a woman not quite so, and the rest of the book describes Barbet's love for her and her life with her lovers. Barbet does not censure her. But when at last he strolls absent-mindedly into her room and becomes her lover, his simplicity takes the bit in its teeth. For he goes back and lets all his prisoners out. Arrested, he just walks out of prison as naturally and unconcernedly as he walks in and out of everything—there was evidently a calculating side to Barbet—and then, just to show that he does not care, he gives himself up again. This quixotry leads to his pardon, for the law in France is notoriously sentimental — fortunately Thérèse is the mistress of someone important in the Ministry—and after a pleasant philosophical discussion with the gentleman who is a connoisseur of experience with women, Barbet and Thérèse go off on a boat for a few days. They will never live together for long. Their lives are on different voyages. One reaches the usual Charles Morgan conclusion: that the happiest and most fulfilled lovers are the parted ones.

Charles Morgan

Has just published his new novel, "The Voyage," on which he has been working for nearly four years. Except for his play "The Flashing Stream" it is his first publication since "Sparkenbroke" in 1936. "The Voyage," which is set in Francein the 1880's, is reviewed here by Mr. Pritchett. This portrait-head of the author is by Gordon Alchin

The doctrine of invulnerability could not be more picturesquely and extensively illustrated, and there is a good supply of incident, argument, shrewdness and epigram. Personally, I have strong doubts about Barbet, and I am afraid that the answer to Mr. Morgan's worried æsthetic elusiveness is a philosophy of responsibility. Thérèse is excellently presented and analysed at the beginning, and there are some good things about the art of acting, for Mr. Morgan is a penetrating critic—"In life she 's like a bad actress on the stage; she doesn't listen"—but very soon Thérèse talks and behaves not like a girl from Montmartre, but like a Newnham don who, having gone off the rails, is perpetually arguing her way on to them again. It is in the minor characters that Mr. Morgan scores, with his grotesque and vinegarish portraits, which are his best work. He is a literary novelist who has never learned the art of narrative or of developing character, and all his books seem to reach a fixed, struggling, grimacing condition of dramatic St. Vitus's dance.

"ALL ABOARD FOR ARARAT" (Secker and Warburg; 3*s*. 6*d*.) is one of Mr. H. G. Wells' brief, entertaining if not infrequent pow-wows with the Almighty, who on this occasion comes to Mr. Noah Lammock and, rather apologetically, asks for assistance in the organising of a new Ark. Civilisation is being lost in our present inundation of violence; it cannot as a whole be saved; it may be lost in its entirety and man may become a legend unless . . . Unless men like the Almighty and Noah get together and decide the minimum which must be rescued at all costs and on which the future can be built. In begging for "blue prints" and "outlines" from the contemporary expert on the subject, the Almighty shows some modesty and even a desire to atone for past errors. (Obviously He can see it now—He behaved irresponsibly about the Tower of Babel.) But, as He points out to Mr. Noah Lammock, if Man disposes of the old-fashioned Devil, he will still have to deal with the devil in himself, and perhaps the idea of God has some publicity value. The new rationalist Noah finds, to his surprise, that the idea is acceptable: to his greater surprise, he finds himself in the Ark thirty days out at sea and having trouble with the Pétain spirit which has taken the form of Jonah. We leave him still having trouble, but with considerable confidence now he has won God over to the idea of Progress and Revolution. To Protestants this witty fable will appeal; to Catholics it will be horrifying, though it is interesting to see some of the younger converts playing with the possibility of a revolutionary Christianity.

"MY NAME IS MILLION" (Faber; 8*s*. 6*d*.) is the anonymous account of an Englishwoman's experiences in Poland when the war started, a passionate, vivid and indignant statement of what happens when modern war smashes the deep ties of peaceful life. It is also the story—and here one must allow for strong political prejudice—of what she saw in one of the Big Houses when the Russians took over and handed everything to the peasants. This is the best description of the Polish tragedy, seen from the broken towns and streaming roads, that I have read. It scalds the heart.

Stay-at-Home Fashions for Autumn Evenings

Autumn brides are choosing their trousseaux for its lasting qualities as well as for its appearance, and that is why so many of them are acquiring Celanese lingerie. This can be bought all over the country, but if you have any difficulty write to British Celanese at Celanese House, Hanover Square, W.1, for information. The nightdress below is charmingly designed in Celanese crepe satin, its intriguing petal sleeves edged with narrow lace to match the scalloped neckline. An attractive vest and pantie set is made in Celanese crepe de chine, trimmed with lace and embroidered with sprays of satin appliqué

A tailored dressing-gown fits in with everything, from an air-raid warning to a quiet week-end in the country. But though simple it need not be severe, and Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, suggest the model above, its tailored lines softened by the long fringed sash. They have it in the Teagown Department for five guineas in a soft woollen material, spotted in various colours. For extra warmth they have house-gowns in quilted satin, buttoned up to an adaptable neckline. And for the shelter they have all kinds of siren suits, including a practical model with a hood and two roomy hip pockets

Conversations on Beauty

WRITTEN BY ***Nerina Shute,*** WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.
ILLUSTRATED BY ***Anna Zinkeisen,*** FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

He : (Sarcastically) What's the idea of lipstick, Nurse! Don't you find it sends up the temperature of your male patients?

She : No, but a pretty face cheers people up . . . . there's enough ugliness in the world without women adding to it, Doctor.

He : I admit that you're very lovely . . . . but a beautiful woman is out of place in a hospital.

She : Why? Men always forgive a beautiful woman for being useless . . . . but they *can't* forgive her for being useful!

He : That's because useful women generally look as though they wished to frighten us away.

She : Forgive me, but you're wrong! The modern woman is a dual purpose woman . . . . interested in being both attractive and useful.

He : (Smiling) That may be true . . . . anyway, I'm willing to be convinced!

She : Of course, I don't believe any man likes a woman to look artificial. What I use is Pomeroy skin-food . . . . and just a little Pomeroy lipstick and eye make-up.

He : (Surprised) Do you mean to say you put eye-black on your lashes?

She : Of course I do! But everybody thinks it's natural and I don't usually give away the secret.

He : Just like a woman to deceive . . . . by the way, Nurse, would you care to lunch with me on your next day off?

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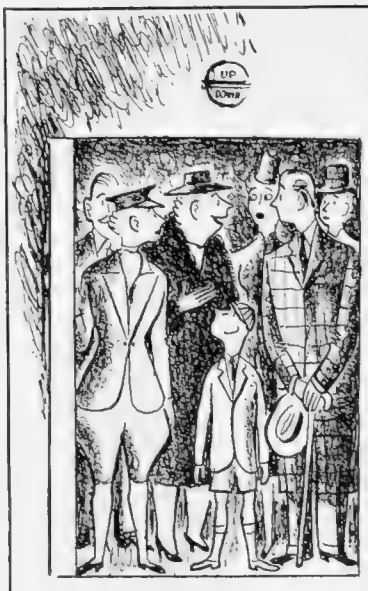


COMPANION PIECES

By JOYCE GRENFELL

No. 2

The Friend Who Talks

IT is very queer
That some of one's otherwise dear,
Nice,
And tactful friends, who are ordinarily as quiet as mice,
In their own homes,
Should, when out with a crowd
Become very loud.
They are fairly *indiscreet*
In the street,
But they don't really get going
Until they are in a lift or on a bus,
Where anyone who is at all curious
Can hear all about the latest family fuss.
It is worst on a bus
Because even a penny-ha'penny stage
Takes such an age,
Whereas the journey by lift to the highest floor
Cannot take more than a minute.
(Though while you are in it
It seems at least four.)
It is as though
They didn't know
Their own strength,
For they shout
About
Everything at length,
So that the other passengers, both inside and out,
Get a perfectly clear
Idea
Of their political, religious and literary views
And their opinion on the news.
By speaking with elaborate quietness yourself, you pray
That they may get the habit too.
But they never do.
It is perhaps at the hairdresser's that
They chat
With the most abandon and the greatest power.
As this engagement lasts for at least an hour
It is as well to put on a brave face to hide
All that you are feeling inside.
For while they are under the hood
And until every last curl is dried
It isn't any good
Trying to stem their tide.
You will be happy to find that once they are back home in the house
They quickly change
From strange
Monkey acquaintance again into friend mouse.

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Left: Captain Glen Holden Illingworth, 16th/5th Lancers, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley H. Illingworth, of Hanlith Hall, Skipton, Yorks., and Diana Mary Gold, daughter of Major and Mrs. Guy G. Gold, of Abbotts Hall, Shalford, Essex, were married at St. Andrew's, Shalford

Illingworth — Gold

Drakeford — Bullock

Lieut. (E.) Dudley Drakeford, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Drakeford, of Shanghai, and Joan Bullock, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bullock, of Crow Gables, Cobham, Surrey, were married at St. Andrew's, Cobham

Herbertson — Crichton-Miller

Sec. Lieut. Kenneth Herbertson, South Wales Borderers, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Herbertson, of 44, The Chase, S.W., and Monica Mary Crichton-Miller, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Crichton-Miller, of 6, Devonshire Place, W.1, and Oddacre, Harrow-on-the-Hill, were married at Harrow

Right: Major Lionel G. Bruer, I.A.F., of Adelaide, South Australia, and Violet Janet Vivien Johnstone were married at Salisbury. She is the elder daughter of the late Major C. M. Johnstone, and Mrs. Johnstone, of the White House, Stockbridge, Hants.

Bruer — Johnstone

Below: Major John Morgan Francis, London Rifle Brigade, son of the late J. M. R. Francis, and Mrs. Francis, of 40, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7, and Elizabeth Mary Denise Pipon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. G. Pipon, of 32, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, and Courtlands, Virginia Water, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Virginia Water

Francis — Pipon

Below: Lieut. Timothy Capel Meyrick, R.N., youngest son of Admiral Sir Sidney and Lady Meyrick, of Norton House, Chichester, Sussex, and Suzette Cecilia Arnhold, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Arnhold, of Shanghai, were married at St. Richard's, Slindon, Sussex

Meyrick — Arnhold

Below: Lieut. A. A. FitzRoy Talbot, D.S.O., R.N., son of the late Capt. H. FitzRoy Talbot, and Mrs. FitzRoy Talbot, of Llwyndyrys, Cardiganshire, and Joyce Linley, daughter of the late F. E. Linley, and Mrs. Linley, of Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1, and Tregunzer, Fowey, Cornwall, were married at St. Fimbarrus', Fowey

FitzRoy Talbot — Linley

From Controller-in-Chief to Volunteer

Hats and Rank Badges of the A.T.S.

The Auxiliary Territorial Service came into being in September 1938, and was the first women's organisation to be part of H.M. Forces since the last war. Nowadays everyone knows an "At" when they see one, and even civilians appreciate the enormous amount of work this service has been able to take over from soldiers. Not everyone, however, has mastered the intricacies of the rank titles and the badges. Here they are, with the Army equivalent of each officer and N.C.O. (The W.R.N.S. and the W.A.A.F. will follow)

Three officers *only wear this hat of fine soft khaki material, with its braided badge: the Controller-in-Chief and the two Chief Controllers, the Princess Royal and Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan*

Controller-in-Chief *of the A.T.S. is the Queen; her rank equals that of a Lieutenant-General*

Chief Controller, *of which there are two in the A.T.S., equals a Major-General*

All officers *below the rank of Chief Controller wear a hat like this, with the A.T.S. initials, crown and laurel wreath in bronze*

Senior Controller *would be a Brigadier in the Army*

Controller *in the A.T.S. equals an Army Colonel*

Chief Commandant *is the equivalent of a Lieutenant-Colonel*

Volunteers, *the privates of the A.T.S., and all non-commissioned ranks wear a hat like the one below, with the badge in brass*

Senior Commandant *wears a crown, and equals a Major*

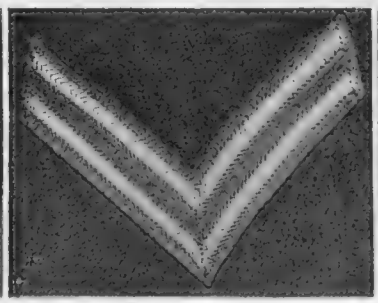
Company Commander, *three stars, equals a Captain*

Junior Commander, *two stars, equals a Lieutenant*

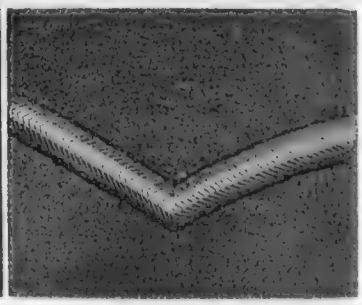
Company Assistant, *one star, equals a Second Lieutenant*

Senior Leader *is the Company Sergeant-Major of the A.T.S.*

Section Leader *is the feminine equivalent of a Sergeant*



Sub-Leader *in the A.T.S. wears a Corporal's stripes*



Chief Volunteer *is the first promotion in the ranks*

Officers who spent last winter inside one of our greatcoats will tell you what fine quarters they are . . . strongly built and very warm. At very short notice our Uniform Department can make a greatcoat to your own measurements, correct in every detail. For the officer with only an hour to spare our Ready-for-Service Department has greatcoats carefully tailored in advance in a variety of fittings . . . for the Navy, 9½ gns. . . for the Army, 8½ gns. . . for the R.A.F., 9 gns.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

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103-113 REGENT STREET LONDON W1 · LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Good Score

A notable round was played by Mrs. Fairweather at Worsley, when she broke the scratch score with a nett 63, 10 strokes below par

Golfers in Uniform

Two champion golfers who have been training with the R.A.F.V.R. as pilots are A. T. Kyle and Robert Sweeny. Kyle won the Amateur Championship last year, and Sweeny in 1937. Robert Sweeny has now joined the American Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F., whose formation was announced last week. It is commanded by his uncle, Colonel (now Group Captain) Charles Sweeny, who formed the famous Escadrille Lafayette in the last war

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"Up She Rises"

OR anyway, if she is not actually rising yet—"she" being the Golfers' "Spitfire"—at least she is addressing the ball, studying the line of the putt, or whatever else would be the applicable term. No doubt our R.A.F. golfers, John Morrison, John Beck, Leonard Crawley, not to mention such exalted folk as Critchley (titles are omitted for fear of giving him the wrong one), and the Rt. Hon. Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Cabinet Minister—these would supply the right aerial expression. Having christened the thing "The Blaster," my attempts are exhausted.

The exact position is this. Mrs. Gordon Black, who all BYSTANDER Foursomeites will remember as Miss Marjorie Livingstone, has nobly come forward to do the hon. secretarial and treasurer part of the show. Even being bombed out of her house has not deterred her—in fact, it was after that incident that she added to her offer of work in kind the extraordinarily generous one of paying postage as well. That means that every single penny subscribed will go to the buying of the "Spitfire," without any deductions whatsoever for expenses. The Editor of the BYSTANDER and *The Tatler* has agreed that subscriptions may be sent to this office, and Mr. Bernard Darwin is setting to work to do his share in wringing money out of all and sundry. Now the need of the moment is for some more public-spirited folk up and down the country to come forward and say, "I will be responsible for extracting the last penny out of such-and-such a club, and when I 've done it, you shall have a cheque." Men or women, it doesn't matter what they do or how they do it. They may be of the "money-or-your-life" type of beggar, with a "stand-and-deliver" air about them; they may have persuasive tongues or pens; they may have a perfect encyclopædia of resourceful ideas for raising money.

I TRIED to have one of these ideas myself. This was that every club whose course had one of Hitler's calling cards—in the phrase of one of them, "had new holes cut"—should hold a pitching competition into the crater, somebody giving a paltry prize, and entry-fees raising a far-from-paltry sum for the "Spitfire." Since golfers had been in the habit of saying that it would be comparatively easy to hole your approaches if the holes were several yards round, it occurred to me that this would be a very pretty test to see how much truth there might be in their contention. Of course, the names of bombed courses are never mentioned in Home Security or other communiqués, and must not be in this page. But it is possible to keep eyes and ears open; kind friends tell you. In the depth of a shelter, where much thinking is done these days, it seemed quite a good idea. Alas! Mrs. Gordon Black shattered it. (She was ever a faithful and judgematic critic, seeing the weak spots and skilfully mending them.) "Oh, but think how you would lose your balls if you pitched into a bomb crater. They 're such a jumble of chunks of earth, and other holes inside. You couldn't do that." I ventured to think that there might be a bit of rabbit-wire stretched across, but, of course, the chunks of earth may be sticking up inconveniently, or the rabbit-wire may be otherwise occupied in protecting the clubhouse windows, not merely from crooked shots, but possible blast. No, my pitching idea is a dud, but what does that matter? Not at all. Let 's hope that other people will have better ones.

THE main point is to raise that first £5000 as quickly as maybe, and, of course, if others follow "The Blaster," so much the better. There is no limit to how many clubs the R.A.F. may carry.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to The Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund, crossed "a/c payee," and addressed to me, c/o The BYSTANDER AND TATLER, 32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. Acknowledgments will be sent by post if a stamp for this is enclosed; otherwise, if all goes according to a plan yet to be confirmed, acknowledgment will be made only in one of the daily papers.

So now, "All clear-r. Dr-rive off, please," as the starters on some of those well-beloved courses north of the Border used to enjoin us in those days when golf was the greatest preoccupation.

Mr. Darwin alleges that an extra "r" in the words creeps in for every fifty miles you travelled North, just as my own surname acquired a delightful second syllable when the famous Greig at St. Andrews bellowed "Miss Hellum" for my first Open Championship.

STILL further North, at Lossiemouth, there was an equally stentorian starter, with a voice wont to make the dilatory jump if they tried putts over again. (That was when the first hole there was a one-shotter.) How good Lossiemouth looked and smelt, for one's first round at 8.30 a.m., and just as good twelve hours later, when the sun was still far from setting behind the hills of Sutherland, and there was plenty of light left for a few holes on the Relief, or the Children's, or along the sands towards the lighthouse. Days worth remembering, and nights, too, when the lighthouse winked and whirled, and Northern Lights stabbed the sky.

"Bystander" Monthly Spoon Competition

IN accordance with the present wartime arrangement by which spoons are awarded in proportion to the number of cards received in each division, the following winners are announced.

August. Bronze Division (19 to 36 handicap)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Hodgetts	.. Sandwell Park ..	83	22	61	73	12 below

September. Silver Division (up to 18)

Mrs. Brooks ..	.. Morecambe ..	69	4	65	72	7 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Miss R. Norman	.. Geelong (Victoria, Australia)	94	29	65	73	8 "

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Shop by Post
through the
BYSTANDER

Goods cannot be sent on approval owing to the limitation of stocks, but money will be refunded if not satisfied . . . . .

This Attractive
Restric
Cardigan Suit
is the ideal garment for the coming Winter, extremely smart yet very practical, having belt at waist and the new and interesting gored skirt. Can be obtained in shades of Rust, Nigger, Bronze Green, Navy and Storm Blue. Sizes: S.W., W., and W.X.

50/-
O.S. 60/-

Please state second choice of colour when ordering.

Swan & Edgar
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No. 12

A FEW commonsense rules of diet may make all the difference to your sleep. Don't have a heavy supper, which might cause indigestion. Instead have a light nourishing meal, and eat it some hours before you go to bed.

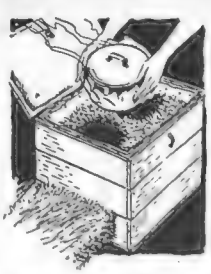
ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

A Light Supper Dish

Try fish and celery casserole for supper. Cut 1½ lbs. fillets of any white fish into convenient pieces. Roll in flour or oatmeal seasoned with salt and pepper, and put in your casserole together with the outside sticks of a good head of celery chopped into inch lengths. Add three or four potatoes roughly sliced, cover with milk and water, half and half, and cook very slowly for 1½ hours. Season with salt and pepper before serving.

How to make a HAY-BOX

Hay-box cookery is particularly suitable for stews, soups, root vegetables, pulses, porridge and bacon. *And it saves fuel.*



A wooden box measuring about 2 ft. deep and 2 ft. 6 in. square is a convenient size. You can often buy one at your grocers. It must be fitted with a strong lid, secured with hinges and a hasp.

First line the box and lid with several thicknesses of newspaper; then, if you have it, with some clean, old flannel or felt. Use tacks to keep these linings in place.

Pack the box *tightly* with hay to within about 4 ins. of the top, making two nests in the hay for your cooking pans. A padding of hay should also be fixed to the underside of the lid.

Make a hay cushion 4 ins. thick to put on top of your pans.

To use the hay-box, bring your food to the boil in a pan on the stove, put on the lid tightly, then wrap the pan in newspaper and put it in one of the nests in the hay-box. Cover with the cushion, fasten the lid and leave the food to cook, allowing at least twice as long as for ordinary simmering. When required, heat up on the stove again before serving.

Said Mrs. A to Mrs. B:
"Your meals have such variety!
In vain for new ideas I hunt—
I can't think how you do it!"
Said Mrs. B to Mrs. A:
"At 8.15 a.m. each day
I listen in to KITCHEN FRONT,
And after that, Go To It!"

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

NO wonder the "KONERAY" is so much admired! However heavy the material in which it finds expression, its graceful, slenderising lines are a revelation. The secret? Graduated knife-edge pleats all round which taper off so intriguingly into a close fitting hip line. Just the thing for town or country wear, for formal or sporting occasions. Stocked by all good drapers and stores in a variety of quality materials.

Manufacturers:
C. STILLITZ,
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'GOR-RAY'
"Koneray"
PATENT PENDING
PLEATED SKIRTS

BERKELEY SQUARE

LANSDOWNE

LUNCH
DINNER
DANCING
SUPPER

30 feet under ground

TIM CLAYTON
and his
ORCHESTRA

MAYFAIR 1657

RESTAURANT

OPEN SUNDAYS

PRUNIER

AIR-RAID LUNCH

4 courses 8/6 including oysters

* * *

A PRUNIER MEAL AT HOME

A Prunier dish specially packed in an airtight tin—for use in your home. Just choose, send your cheque, and Prunier's will see to packing, labelling and dispatch at no extra cost. Please order 48 hours ahead.

72 ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1 Reg. 1373

Bouillabaisse
1 portion 5/-
3 portions 14/-

Homard à l'Américaine
2 portions 14/-
5 portions 32/6d.

Pâté de Lapereau
4 portions 7/6d.

Pâté de Lièvre
4 portions 7/6d.

ARTHUR YOUNG

at the NOVACHORD
with his SWINGTET
are playing for your Dancing at

HATCHETT'S

FROM 8.30 P.M. TO MORNING.

OPEN AS USUAL
FOR LUNCHEON
AND DINNER

HATCHETT'S,
PICCADILLY, W.1

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Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander's" Guide to Lunching, Dining and Dancing in Wartime London

The May Fair

Jack Jackson plays by the pergola

BLITZ the krieg never so fiercely, it will not stop the May Fair providing songs for supper. Venue of the entertainment and the eating has changed for safety's sake, but all else is the same, especially the Barkers, who at the moment are once again doing the singing, from the Indies to the Andes and with side-trips to lose things at the Astor.

You, however, will lose nothing at the May Fair, not even your sleep. For Massara, the restaurant manager, who looks about eighteen but has all the wisdom of the ages, has instituted a "guarantee to get you home" taxi service. And if you yourself decide that the barrage is really too much, you can be accommodated comfortably, safely and quietly in the below-ground room where you have dined and danced. Dancing, by the way, is now to Jack Jackson and his orchestra, of Dorchester and other fame, who took over from Ambrose last week.

All this happens in the Garden Room, which is an air-raid shelter into the bargain, so that at the May Fair you go downstairs to go out of doors, so to speak. The decorations, trellis-work and rustic scenery represent the gardens of Montacute House, in Somerset, and even the crockery has an al fresco, flowered pattern, very restful and remote from nowadays London.

As someone once said of another place: "Not only is it the safest hide-out in London, but it has other advantages." As far as the May Fair is concerned that puts it mildly.

Dancing to the mighty Novachord

Hatchett's

CHARLIE had a bar. And you all know Charlie. He hung on in Nice, of whose social life he and his bar had been a mainstay throughout the twenty years entre les deux guerres, until June. Then among a shipful of the Riviera residents who had been his patrons, he came home.

Charlie has a bar. Right in (or, rather, under) Piccadilly, where those many who feel the rub of temporary deprivation of the blue Mediterranean may find solace practically on their doorsteps. For Charlie's bar is just another addition to the already considerable amenities found by those whom war has gathered home from the ends of the earth at Hatchett's.

But don't confine your visit to the "White Horse Cellars," as Hatchett's was anciently called, to a drink. If it happens to be lunchtime, and that's somewhat naturally the time when most people these days do their eating out, go and have Gerold (may the printers for once spell his name right) guide you through a palate-tickling menu.

And if it is black-out time, don't fuss to get home before the sirens go. Far better than bomb dodging at home is an evening lingering over a Hatchett's dinner and some Hatchett's wines (including an interesting and unusual variety of delightful Swiss vintages). While waiting for a break in the barrage you won't be able to stop yourself dancing to Arthur Young and his Novachord band, no mean outfit when it comes to swing. Finally, if things still look a bit hot, Hatchett's will put you up in comfort in as near safety as you could wish for the night. Twenty-four-hour service, that's Gerold's motto. And what service!

Tim Clayton hobnobs with his keyboard

The Lansdowne

IT was on one of Jerry's busier nights that I last dined at the Lansdowne. But there was no sign nor sound of the fact within those welcoming walls. Every now and then someone would trot up to the door to see if the shrapnel was still bouncing round Berkeley Street. Then they would come back to exchange whizzes and whangs for the more melodious music of genial Tim Clayton and his orchestra, who since they came to the Lansdowne a couple of months ago have built themselves up with the regulars good and

proper, as well as bringing in plenty of people who had discovered their mettle when they were at the Four Hundred.

Bombs or no bombs, Fernandez is still his welcoming self and still controls a cuisine and cellar that the most captious could not find fault with. Also largely his creation is that atmosphere of comfort and well-being which has long marked out the Lansdowne. Unpretentious prices and deft service of things worth serving keep the place right in the first class, even for those who don't seek dancing with their evenings. For those who do, Tim Clayton is the answer, and you 'll find plenty of people, including most of the armed forces, who have already got the answer right. For blitz-resisting you couldn't be safer than at the Lansdowne, and you couldn't be gayer.

The Meurice (Quag.'s)

Bomb-proof dining among the oak trees

HAVING itself come rather close to a bomb in the early days of our present disturbances, the Meurice (Quaglino's, of yesteryear) has moved downstairs. In what was the grill-room you will find Arri and the restaurant staff keeping up the old standards amid a sylvan scene which is both good to look at and safe to spend the evening in. For the basis of said sylvan scene is a dozen hefty trunks of English oak, guaranteed to resist the worst sort of enemy on-slaught.

Among them is the same food and the same music. Van Straten and his band have been in situ for nine years now, almost certainly longer than any other restaurant dance combination, and when you 've heard them you 'll know the reason why. This new room is not open at the time of writing, but should be at the time of reading, and, anyway, the Meurice has been carrying on in the meanwhile without slackening a whit any of its high standards.

Incidentally, it is as well to remind people that this summer's regrettable antics by the heel of the Mediterranean have not in anyway affected the direction of what was Quag.'s, since it has this many a year been a British company with an all-British board.

Symbol of beautiful bouillabaisse

Maison Prunier

"YOU might think so, but, oh, dear, no." You might, in fact, think that the cutting off of France had restricted Mme. Prunier's lavish and ultra-French cuisine and cellars. Not a bit of it. All the specialities you have always sought only at Prunier are still awaiting you there, even to those luscious green oysters which, under the name of marennes, used to come from the ill-fated Bordeaux neighbourhood and now, thanks to Mme. Prunier's foresight come (like so many of her patrons) from some-where in England. All other sorts of oysters are plentiful, and the assiette saintongeaise and the assiette black-out, composed of those popular little Portugaises and of Brittanies relaid in English waters still adorn the menu.

Yes; "tout ce qui vient de la mer," still finds its way to Prunier's, exciting varieties of lobster and langouste, and all manner of crustaceans. So does game, grouse, partridge, pheasant, and hare. Rationing hardly touches Prunier. And to go with it all is a priceless stock of wines in the cellars.

A word of warning. Owing to transport difficulties for cus-tomers and staff, and perhaps to the fact that people do not seem to find current noises-off the fitting accompaniment to that leisurely relish which a Prunier meal demands, the restaurant is now closed in the evenings. Every day though, including Sunday, you may lunch there, and for after dark the famous "on prendra" service acquires a special value. Now that any sort of decent cooking at home is a chancy matter, a way out of all problems is to ring up Regent 2615 any time before three any day including again Sunday and have of Prunier's best sent round to you by District Messenger, that you may enjoy it in your own home.

La Coquille

Birth of an exquisite luncheon

"LA COQUILLE will stay open for dinner unless a Bomb falls on the Building." That proud announcement appeared last month on the tables at 79, St. Martin's Lane. But even at that the spirit of the place was not being adequately expressed. This month the announcement has been amended: "La Coquille will stay open for dinner *until* a Bomb hits the Building. And even then—nous verrons!"

One can only add that, a bomb not having at the time of writing hit the building, the Coquille under fire is La Coquille as we have always known

Meurice
(QUAGLINO'S)

BURY STREET · ST. JAMES'S · S.W.1

Reinforced and strengthened Underground

GRILL ROOM

RE-OPENING THURSDAY OCTOBER 17th

COCKTAIL BAR
LUNCH · DINNER · SUPPER

Air conditioned modern ventilation
Novel scheme of Decoration & Lighting

Dancing from 7 p.m.
TO VAN STRATEN'S ORCHESTRA

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Temporary sleeping accommodation and Hotel Bedrooms available for Patrons

The May Fair
HOTEL RESTAURANT VIKING BAR

Situated in the heart of Mayfair and within easy access of the theatres and shopping area

Minimum Prices

Single Room and Bath - - - - - - - - 15/-
Single Room and Private Bathroom - - 21/-
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Special Terms for Members of H.M. Forces and their families

Dancing to
JACK JACKSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
until 2 a.m.

CABARET. OFFICIAL AIR RAID SHELTER

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Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

The ideal liqueur to sip after dinner . . . its intriguing flavour appeals to men and women alike. Drambuie was first made in the Isle of Skye in 1745 and has since achieved world-wide popularity. It is the perfect restorative and possesses valuable digestive properties.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

La Coquille
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Oysters. Shell Fish. Fish and Light Wines.
79, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2.
Tem. Bar 8768. CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

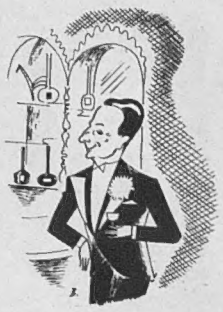
SHEPHERD'S
RESTAURANT
Where Mayfair Meets....
It 's a tonic to lunch or dine amid the gay company at Shepherd's, where war worries are left with the gas masks in the cloakroom

Greenwood
CARRS (LONDON) LTD.
SHEPHERD'S MARKET
GROSVENOR 3017

★ OPEN AS USUAL
THE NEW Queens BRASSERIE
FULLY LICENSED FOR LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS
Music by Java and his Orchestra.
NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

it, and pray, for the sake of our own palates, as well as for the gratitude we bear M. Pagés and his staff, that it will never come to "nous verrons."

Not that I don't feel sure, such is the spirit of the place, that we would find Pilaff de Homard à Madère and Pêche Coquille being served up among rubble with the same dexterity as is accorded them in their present charming surroundings, and still probably at prices a great deal lower than most. Meanwhile we continue to enjoy M. Pagés' specialities in an unruffled atmosphere that forbids all thought of war.


Mr. Cope and his carnation

The New Queen's

Just by way of variety, Mr. Cope, who holds carnationed sway over the New Queen's, has watched restaurants all round him closing for dinner and has—closed for lunch. That is bad luck for the many of us who had the habit of looking him up and washing down one of the Queen's first-rate meals with a beaker, stoup or stein of Dale's Cambridge beer in such midday break as we were allowed.

But in the evenings, when the movies are coming out at nine and when the barrage suddenly gets going, it is worth knowing what a satisfactory alternative there is to public sheltering in Leicester Square. And to put it like that is by no means fair to the Queen's, which is every bit worth a special visit, if you live nearer than, say, Auchtermuchty.

Whatever the racket outside, you won't worry about it when you 're joining in the songs that Java and his boys get going for you. You 'll have half the officers on leave in London singing with you and clinking the convivial stein ; you 'll eat well and lavishly ; you 'll as like as not join in some impromptu dancing ; and, very important, your pocket will be pretty well as heavy when you leave as when you came in. Informality and economy, those are the watchwords of the New Queen's, and what two could be more appropriate to this day and hour ?

The Shepherd's Tavern

Tavern chef performs his daily magic

Mayfair may well take note (and from the crowds that throng Shepherd's a great part of it already has) that just in its heart is the perfect answer to all searches for desirable meals at desirable prices. Oscar has the matter in his hands ; Oscar whom Mayfair knew at the Monseigneur and at the Berkeley and who now welcomes it noon *and* evening at the Shepherd's Tavern in the Market.

He and the happy family who are his staff don't worry about air-raids, nor, one would say from the merry atmosphere in that luxurious downstairs lounge where one drinks in as great comfort as there is in London, do his patrons. They are in uniform, most of them, people who find that a subaltern's or pilot-officer's pay goes a great deal further on first-class but unpretentious food, from the best sort of joint to such dishes as steak, grouse and mushroom pie, and pub-price drinks at Shepherd's, than on all manner of chi-chi.

Peter Hume.

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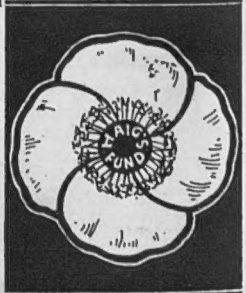

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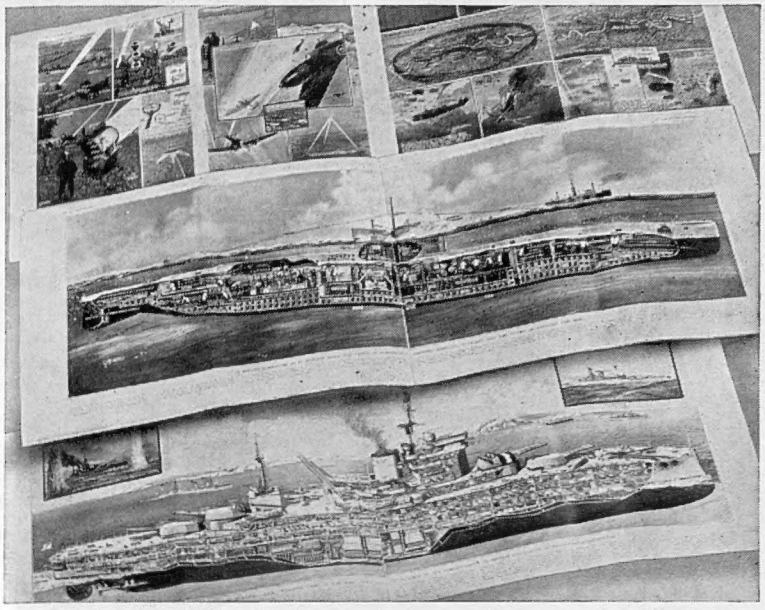

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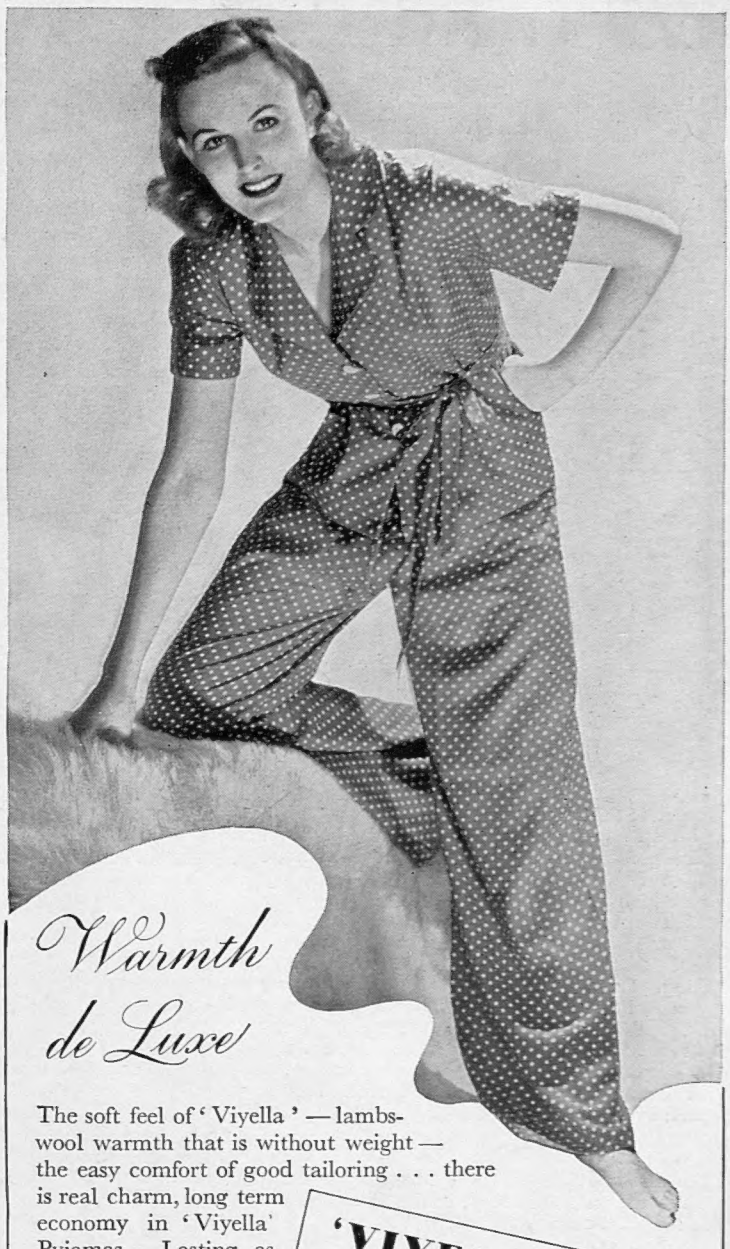

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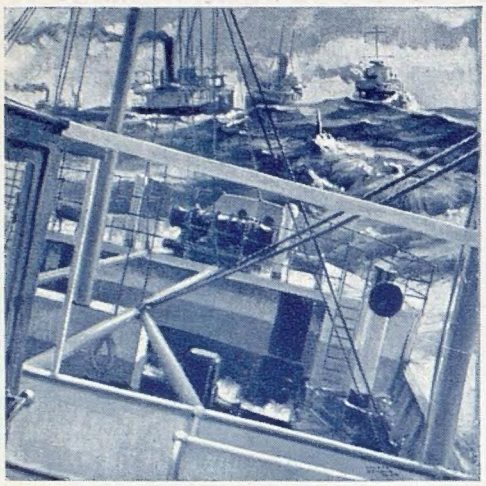

. . .

The *RASPER* heeled sickly: down and down until water climbed in over the dipped rail: creaming into her well-decks. She shuddered through a series of grim bumps. Then she was suddenly steadier, swinging to an even keel. The third mate was being sick; and the wheel was twisting from the shaking helmsman's hands. But old Glynde was neither sick nor shaking. Leathery face a mask, he was staring at something evil spewed up from his foamy wake, and blundering under the bows of the saved *HIGHFLYER*, whose rails were lined with cheering men. From overhead came the vivid drone of the hurrying British fighter 'planes, sweeping in to the kill.

* * *

The senior officer of the escort sent bunting to his signal yard that read, in the International Code: "Well done, *RASPER!*"

* * *

Quiet it was in the house which Cappy Glynde had left like a criminal three months before. Quiet, with a hint of exotic scents. Deadly quiet—it was indeed the quiet of death.

* * *

Finger to lip, a becapped nurse came down the stair. . . .

Old in years but young in spirit, an old salt proves his worth in a bout with a U-boat.

"HONOURS EASY"
By F. TENNYSON JESSE.

. . .

The soldiers closed round Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson in an unpleasant manner, and while Mr. Mullins, his round red face more suffused with blood than usual, waved his stick in an effort to clear the path in front of him, he found his stick taken away from him, and a fellow who was evidently an officer (he had more gold lace on his dingy uniform than the others, and his moustaches were longer) spoke to him in French and German, neither of which languages did Mr. Mullins understand. The officer then addressed him in English, though heavily accented English, just the sort that Wops like these, thought Mr. Mullins scornfully, would talk if they talked any Christian language at all.

Doctor Jackson touched Mr. Mullins on the elbow. He said, rather dryly, "Think you 'd better listen. You have tried to gate crash the palace."

"What palace?" demanded Mr. Mullins indignantly.

"The king's palace," said Doctor Jackson.

"The king? Do you mean to say they 've got a king in this one-horse place?"

"Quite a good king, so I 've gathered. Quite an old fellow, too. Anyway, they don't like us walking in."

Mr. Mullins turned to the officer.

"Say," he said, "we don't mean any harm. I 'm Mullins. *The* Mullins. The millionaire. That 's my yacht lying out there. I 'm an American citizen, and this is my doctor, Doctor Jackson."

. . .

An amusing story in which a hard-up king gives a left-hand gift to a vain American.

"BOMBER COMMAND"
By CECILIE LESLIE.

. . .

THE early morning light bathed the moor with pale gold, and as I glanced across the bushes of gorse and broom I saw Hazel walking towards the aerodrome. I halloed to her and we wandered along together. We were following the course of the little trout stream when we heard the drone of machines. Hazel and I halted, our heads cocked, listening. Sure enough—it must be them? At last we saw them like a flight of geese far out to the west, and we counted them as they came nearer. Two missing! I held Hazel's arm.

"Somehow, I never thought he would be killed," I said. "I dreamed last night. . . ." But Hazel shut me up.

"Wait till it has happened."

It would be some time before they returned, so Hazel insisted that we go into breakfast. She ordered me bacon and eggs and saw to it that I ate them. She herself was quiet, and white.

Soon Eileen joined us. Now she was herself once more, composed, glossy, a compact little woman, ready for breakfast.

We heard the crunch of their boots on the gravel and we left the table without hurrying, trying to hide the fear in our hearts by walking slowly.

There were many other women in the lounge, Sybil Hoard, Kathleen, Joan, Ruth, Helen—all too calm, too anxious to show that they had really only come down to read the morning papers. . . .

Read this story of love and tragedy, in which a man's life given in the service of his country solved several problems.

ALSO IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

Films fans should read Margaret Chute's article, entitled "Picture Thieves and Their Tricks." Negley Farson, the famous American journalist, gives his opinions as to the strength and unity of the British people in this war.

C. Patrick Thompson, in "Fruits of the Earth," tells you all you should know about the production of food and its distribution.

The destroyers are the "Shock Troops of the Royal Navy," and Stanley Jackson describes their work and quotes many stories of their daring deeds.

You often hear over the wireless that "The R.A.F. Have Attacked." Keith Rogers has written an interesting article on what has to be done before this announcement can be made.

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